TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME

- Some days are bright and sunny, And some are theak with rain: Some lives are crowned with plea. And some are filled with part. For some the world is rosy, For others sad and glum: But all who'd know contentment Should take things as they come
- id take things as they co You know Dame Fortune's fickle, And things to suit our fancy Won't fashion all the while.
- Tie not by care and worry.
- That great things we accomplish And wreaths victorious get. And working waiting.
 And working bravely from
 The mora till night, and taking
 Life's trials as they come.
- Depend this world is sunny, Depend this world is sunny.
 If we the sun would see:
 Then take things as they re going,
 And not as they should be.
 We ever may be happy,
 And Joy will hop and hum
 Around us, if we only
 Will take things as they come.

 —R. A. Munkittrick, in N. Y. Ledger.

CALLED BACK.

A Well-Told Story of Continuous and Absorbing Interest.

BY RUGH CONWAL The days stipped by the happies days my life had as yet known. Morn noon and eve we were together; and fear were objects of great curiosity to

our neighbors, who no doubt wondered what relations existed between me and the beautiful girl at whose side I ever

I soon found that Pauline's natural disposition was gay and bright. It was too soon vet to expect it to reassert itself, yet I was not without hopes before long that look, telling of sad memories, which so often crossed her face, would fade away forever. and again a pleased smile lit up her face and merry words slipped from her lips. Although when reason first returned to her it seemed as if her brother's death had occurred but the day before, I felt sure that, after a while, she understoo that years had passed since the fatal night. These years were to her wrapped in a mist; they seemed as dreams. was trying to recall them, beginning at the beginning; and I need not say with

what alacrity I lent my aid. By common consent we avoided the future: but of the past, or all the pasin which I was not concerned, we spok freely. All the events of her early years now remembered perfectly; she could account for everything up time when her brother was struck down after that came mistiness; from which she emerged to find herself in a strange room, ill, and being nursed by a strange

Several days passed before Paulin questioned me as to the part I had played in her clouded life. One evening we stood on the top of a thickly wooded hill, from which we could just catch a glimpse of the sea, now red dened by a glorious sunset. been silent for some time, and who can say that our thoughts were not more in unison than any words we could have spoken whilst our strange and uncertain relations continued. I looked a the western sky until the glowing tints began to fade, and turning to my companion I found her dark eves gazing a me with almost painful carne-tness. "Tell me," she said, "tell me what I shall find when that lost time come

back to me?" Her fingers, as she spoke, were play ing with her wedding-ring. She still wore it, and the diamond keeper I had placed above it: but she had not as yet asked me why it was on her hand. "Will it come back, Pauline, do yo

"I hope so or stay; should I hope so? Tell me, will it bring me joy or "Who can say-the two are always

mingled. She sighed and turned her eyes to the ground. Presently she raised then to mine. "Tell me," she said, "how and whe

did you come into my life-why did dream of you?" "You saw me so often when you were

"Why did I wake and find your old servant taking care of me?" "Your uncle gave you into my charge I promised to watch over you during hi

"And he will never return. He punished for his crime-for standing b

when the poor boy was murdered.' She pressed her hands to her eyes, if to shut out the light. "Pauline," I said, wishing to change current of her thoughts, "tell me how you saw me in dreams; what yo

lreamed of me?" She shuddered. "I dreamed that vo were standing by me-in the very room -that you saw the deed. Yet I knew that it could not be so.'

"And then?" "I saw your face many times-it wa always traveling, traveling through I saw your lips move, and yo clouds. seemed to say, 'I am going to learn the

ruth'-so I waited patiently till you re urned. "You never dreamed of me before? It was growing dusk. I was uncer tain whether it was the deepening shade

om the trees which made her cheek ook darker, or whether it was a blush Iv heart was beating madly. "I can not tell. I don't know. Don' sk me," she said in a troubled voice

Then she turned. "It grows dark and chilly. Let u

I followed her. It was so completel he rule for me to spend the evening with her that I did not even wait for an vitation. It was our custom to play nd sing together for an hour or two first expressed desire after her covery had been for a piano. Believ ng herself to be an heiress she had felt no scruple in asking for all she wanted. nd my instructions to Priscilla being hat no money was to be spared in min stering to her comforts, a piano had en sent from the nearest town.

All her skill had returned to her r voice had come back even stronger nd more sweet than of old. Again and gain she held me entranced as she had eld me once before, when I little exected the fearful ending to her song. that my fate and the singer's were s

closely interwoven.

I was surprised, therefore, when this evening she turned on the doorstep and said: "Not to-night. Leave me, please

or to-night." I urged no objection. I took her hand and bade her farewell until the morrow. I would go and wander by starlight and think of her.

As we parted she looked strangely, almost solemnly. "Gilbert," she said, speaking

Italian for Priscilla was now standing at the open door - "shall I pray for the past to return or that I should never remember it? Which will be the best for me and for you?" Without waiting to hear my reply

she glided past Priscilla, who waiting for me to follow her. "Good night, Priscilla," I said, "I am ot coming in.

"Not coming in, Master Gilbert! Miss Pauline will be vexed." "She is tired and not quite well. You

had better go to her. Good night." Priscilla came out to the doorster and closed the door behind her. There was something in her manner which told me she meant on this particular occasion to resume what she could of that authority she had been delegated to exereise over me during my tender years

until long atter I had been invested with jackets and trousers. I have no doubt out she would have liked to seize me by the collar and give me a sound shaking. As it was she was obliged to content herself with throwing a world of sorrowful indignation into her voice.

"She may easily feel ill, poor young lady, when her husband lives at one house, and she at another. And here's everybody roundabout trying to find out what relation you two are to each other asking me all sorts of questions and I mustn't say you are husband and wife.'

"No-not yet." "Well, I'm going to, Master Gilbert.
If you won't tell the poor young lady, I shall. I'll tell her how you brought he home and sent for me to take care of her-how you tended her and waited on her all day long -how you shut yourself up for her sake, never seeing an old friend's face. Oh, yes, Master Gilbert, I'll tell her all: and I'll tell her how you went into her room and kissed her ere you started on that fool's journey, wherever it was. She'll remember everything fast enough then.'

'I command you to say nothing." "I've heeded too many commands of yours, Master Gilbert, to mind breaking one for your sake. I'll do it, and take the consequences."

Feeling that the explanation, if made by Priscilla, would not only sweep away a great deal of romance, but also migh precipitate matters and make them far ore difficult to adjust to my own satisfaction. I was bound to prevent her carrving out her threat. Knowing from old experience that although the good soul could not be driven, she could be led I was obliged to resort to cajolery.

So I said, as one asking a boon: "You won't if I entreat and beg you not to, my old friend. You love me too much to do anything against my

wishes. Priscilla was not proof against this appeal, but she urged me to proclaim the true state of affairs as soon as pos-

"And don't be too sure, Master Gilbert," she concluded, "as to what she remembers or doesn't. Sometimes I think she knows a deal more than you

Then she left me, and I went wandering about thinking as to what meaning to attach to Pauline's parting words.

"Which will be the best for me-and for you?"-to forget or to recall? How much did she forget-how much did she recall? Had those rings on her hand not shown her that she was a wife? Could she help suspecting whose wife she was? Even if she remembered nothing about our strange, hurried marriage, nothing about our subsequent life together, she found herself after that interval of oblivion, as it were, under my charge; found that I knew all the tragic circumstances of her brother's end, that I now returned from a journey of thousands of miles, undertaken to learn the fatal particulars. Although she might not be able to account for it, she must by this time know the truth. Keeping the ring on her finger showed that she did not dispute the fact that, somehow, she was Who could be her husband wedded.

"Yes, by the evidence the situation offered, I determined that she had arrive at the right conclusion: and the hour was at hand when I should learn if the knowledge would bring her joy

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Habit of Haste. The London Lancet speaks a proper word on "the habit of haste." It is truly a habit we have fallen into in our large cities to fill every office and perform every service with the nervous nergy of one driven to death. Our wealthy merchants of an earlier generation and our successful pastors of long ago accomplished the same work that we do, but with some degree of calmness and deliberation. Daniel Lewis, M. D., writing in the December Pulpit Treasury, notes this needless and nervous hurry characterizing the times as a main cause of the prevalent wakefulness of active minds. To sleep more easily at night we must work more indiciously during the day.-Chicago

-The famous shell road of New Orleans is a boulevard of almost snowy whiteness, nearly two hundred feet in

width and nine miles in length. ft is a well known fact that among those who are acquainted with the character of the Chinese that a Mongolian is of a very treacherous nature and on all occasions will bear watching. This treachery is not only noticeable among the poorer classes of the race, but it extends into the circle of their priests and oftentimes marks their

ost solemn religious festivals. A case of this character took place in Chinatown, San Francisco, a few nights since, when one of the Chinese societies lured one of their many gods to the fatal board, and there destroyed him in a most

ignominious manner.
It appears that one of the spirits in the loss House had been a source of great annoyance for a year past, and he was coninually bringing the members of the society into trouble, so it was resolved that he should be summarily destroyed. Of course the immolation of the evil one was a hazardous undertaking and could only successfully carried out by treachery and strategy combined. Preparations for destroying him had been going on for two days previous to the very night the evil spirit was doomed to meet his destruction

The night was one most suited for the carrying out of the treacherous work. A chilly fog had rolled in from the ocean, and the wind sighed mournfully around the rookeries in the Chinese quarter. The light of the moon was obscured by the heavy fog, and all without was bleak and dreary. About eight o'clock the members of the society formed in a procession headed by the priests and marched out from the temple. A hideous image representing the evil spirit was borne in the procession by attendants, and by their side was a number of Mongols carrying braziers of lighted coal. The musicians, mock mardarins and lantern bearers followed in the rear of the

image and rendered their selections with telling effect on the nerves of the few people who were in attendance. white notwithstanding the inclemency of the

The procession marched through the alleys and by-ways in Chinatown, and at various points along the route punks and candles were lighted and placed by the sidewalk, and mock money was consumed in the braziers.

While the services were being carried on in the temple the image was left in a hallway sitting on a throne. His right hand was uplifted, signifying that he would strike down the members of the society who were planning his death, were it not for the intervention of the Great Joss. A dozen circular paper frames, in which were placed lighted tapers, were standing in front of the doomed image, showing the twelve lesser spirits who were powerless to help them, inasmuch as he was powerless to help himself, and on a table about a half dozen feet away from the evil one was an assortment of nuts, candies and confectionery and a piece of pastry consisting of three hands extending from one wrist. The hands represented the benign power by which the good people were protected

from the vengeance of the evil spirit, who, by this time, was supposed to be chafing at his power of revenging himself having been taken away from him. An attempt to conciliate him was made by placing a bounteous repast of the choice morsels in front of him, and when the high priest and his assistants had concluded their services before the Great Joss, they gave the evil

WOMAN AND HOME. CLARA BELLE TAKES ISSUE WITH

ary Marriages and the Evile Thereof-Bits of Decoration-The Educated Girl-Children and Cold

Weather - Paragraphs.

THE MASCULINE CRITICS.

[Clara Belle.] I feel called upon to correct some of th jury done to women by their costume beeled French shoes and tight lacin have hitherto borne the burden of blame fo for the sufferings of women. But now comes the season for abusing us for the weight of our clothes. We are told that the garb worn by women is too heavy, and, by a perversity of fashion, they receive an enormous increase-ment of weight at this season in the shape of cleaks and mantles of sealskin or plush with quilted linings. The waist is encircled as with a belt or hoop, to which a load heavier than a felon's chains is attached, and the shoulders and chest are compressed by an additional burden. Breathing is laboriously performed, and the contents of the trunk an pelvis are thrust down with a force which, i epresented in pounds, would occasion con derable surprise. That is the kind of talk

ing which men do. w what are women's hips for, if not to bear the weight of skirts! Dr. F. Hamilton ce said to me that weight hanging from the hips could do little or no harm. The al structure of that portion of the body was well fitted for bearing weight, the etion of the hip-bone supporting skirts He added: "I do not think that harm could be done by weight hanging from the hips. The muscles of the abdomen are and well arranged for standing One set runs diagonally from left to strain. another in the opposite direction, and third straight up and down. Now, weight supported at the waist comes on the hip bones, and is borne chiefly by the legs. O course, a heavy load carried there will tire s voman in the course of time; but I do not semy special evil that can arise from it. I con sider the heavy weight of cloaks an sealskins hanging from the shoulders to be much worse. There I see a decided danger. The weight which hangs from the shoulders bears down upon the spinal column, and must, therefore, affect the whole body. It has a tendency to bend the body and push it ownward, and keeps the muscles from the waist upward in a constant state of tensio st the pressure. I do not think that as much trouble is caused by this as by tight lacing, however. The compression of the lower part of the ribs by lacing prevents the lungs from being easily filled, and is the cause of several dangerous diseases. On the whole, I think weight may be carried more safely from the waist than from th

So I am down on those alleged reforme who would have us hang every thing from our shoulders, instead of letting the weight rest harmlessly on our hips. In my opinion the chief reason for the superiority of wom over man in grace depends on the freedom of her shoulders from constraint. If you have doubt that women really are more graceful than men just put some fellow int kirts and see what a hulking, awkward, outlandish figure he cuts. But if for 100 years all of the women were to shift the weight of their clothes from hips to shoulders sexes would be brought to a par, the gentler having in the meantime become as nbering and heavy as the rougher. Be lieve me, we have no reason to put the upper parts of our torso in bondage.

[New York World.] I read a letter from a young lady the other day, who was explaining to a friend why she had declined a certain supposably good offer of marriage. She said the man had a fine position in society, had a comfortable income and was fine-looking. Why not marry him? Well, in the first place, he was years older than she was; in the second place, he was a widower with three children, and in the third place, she did not love him. On the other hand, her father is poor and cannot support her as she would natural that he thought his pretty daughter ought to have accepted the well-to-do, good ng but mature widower. Fathers n

always take that view of the subject. It is a notorious fact that the romance of life gets out of a man when he is old enough life gets out of a man when he is out enough to have a marriageable daughter. A good offer of marriage means to him the kind of one spoken of above—one where the suitor has position, a good income, and is therefore well settled in life. How did this girl I'm talking about reason on the subject! Sh ald also "would rather wait a little while That is exactly what she said. She meant good deal more. She meant she did not care to thow her life away. Is the whole object of life to live for somebody else! Is it the ole mission of women to make a man happy and bear children for him! Have they a right to do something for themselves! Is it the whole duty of a girl to jump at the

first good offer of marriage? Is there nothing to be spared from the debasement of trade, of barter, of business? There never was a girl of 20 who could b much in love with a man of 50. And then, what a prospect for the future! A man of v cannot look forward with reason to more than ten years of active life. In this country a man is considered old at 60. The people here live so fast they wear out about that time. A girl of 20, say, marries a man of 50. In ten years she is 30, or just at the prime of her life, and her husband is going into his second childhood. There are women in the world who would about as soon have one man as another for a hu band and don't care anything for any. They are the strictly commercial kind-the kind that sell themselves for a price. The price may be a fine house, servants, gorgeou

carriages, horses and society, thank heaven, they are the exception to the But the surprising and unaccountable feature of these marriages, ill-assorted as to age, is that a man who has reached the age 50 seldom stops to ask whether the young girl he wants to marry loves him. He ha got past the love-making era and has ceased to regard it as a factor in marriage. This shows a remnant of the savage. It is not only savage, but it is a kind of brutality. It is another way of seizing a woman and run-ning off with her like the Sabine did. Pity the trembling, shrinking, dependent little creature on whose fair shoulders are laid the palsied hands of a spent manhood! Old age ought to submit to its own misfortunes a

not try to steal comfort from the legitimate Bits of Decoration.

Helen Herbert in The Household ! This has been called an age of over-de tion; and judging from some of the rooms we are called on to look at and admire rooms crowded from wall to wall, and from floor to ceiling with brackets, banners mins, cat-tails, Japanese fans, per cock feathers, amateur plaques, cheap chromos, and the vast assembly of objects which exist under the generic name of

bric-a-brac-all fearfully and fully arranged, and fondly by the proprietor to be highest degree artistic, but suppose often only vulgar and tawdry in effect-the phrase does not seem altogether misapplied or uncalled for. Yet, because some, lacking the true artistic sense, and blindly following a fashion they do not understand, overdo the matter, and create a decoration which does decorate, it does not follow that we

should abstain from decoration altogether. One thing should beespecially remembered is all attempts at decoration: Every article in a room should nave some definite purpose to serve. Almost every article, no matte now ornamental in itself, should also be use With the exception of pictures, very viously for ornament alone. They should at least seem to have a usa.

If Japanese fans are arranged on the wall to give a touch of color, it would be better to have them so held that one or more could easily be removed and offered to friends who might chance to come in on a warm day. It is tantalizing to go into a room whose walls are gay with fans, and know that not one can be had for use. It is like water, water, all around, and not a drop to In any case, I think it a very good to have the wall fans look, at idea to have the wall fans look least, as if they might be used. bright cluster will then take on a second, and perhaps still more important

in this way any dainty article provided for use and convenience, and kept always in its place, has a double charm. A pretty paper knife kept on the stand which holds more truly decorative than a vase in the same place. A fanciful match-holder, and daintily bound scratcher, hanging from the gas-burner or near the sitting-room lamp, is

The Educated Girl.

[Frank Legita's Weekly.] Is the man of the period shy of the edu cated girl of the period!—that is the ques-tion. Must the popular plea for high education for females encounter the objection that a woman who has read Virgil and the Æneid in the original and is posted on the differential calculus, is therefore, and in direct consequence, more unlovely! It is stated, on what looks like authority, that out of 596 graduates of Vassar College only 188 have married since that climax of career. Of course, in the cases of some, only a year or two has elapsed, but most of them graduated years ago, and some of them are old maids of the deepest dye. What is the matter! It can not be that they are so unattractive a to have had no offers. Every Gill has her Jack-sometimes a whole platoon of themand every girl can get married if she will. Does intellectual training make girls fastidious—finical, perhaps—difficult to please, un-willing to accept the bonest hand and sin

cere hearts of youths less brilliantly veneered It should not have this tendency; for i nost of the happiest marriages in the land the bride has nearly all of the education. As our industrial and social machinery is at present managed, the girls have a better chance than the boys to study; the wive than the husbands. So, notwithstanding the fact that the most profound scholars of our time are chiefly men who have had a long and severe professional training, a majority of the educated people of the country are women. Thousands of men who make the best of husbands—not only kind, amiable and tonder but shrowd intelligent an oughtful-know nothing of any but their own, and never in their lives used were" to interpret the subjunctive moo Armies of girls have made a mistake in this matter, unwisely scorning a suitor who spelled "separate" with three ees, or who said, "It is me," but who might yet be tender-hearted sagacious and even mentally profound man, worthy of all acceptation. In fact, we are by no means certain that lucated and professional men make the bes husbands. They are less likely to keep regu lar hours, and more likely to "talk sh to establish the everlasting shops in the home than are mercantile men, or bankers, or clerks, or railroad managers when their hands are not occupied.

Children and Cold Weather.

We must vigorously protest against the custom, dear to the hearts of "mothers in israel," of giving each member of the family a Saturday night scrubbing with hot water and soap. Many colds date significantly from this event. The daily sponge bath insures all necessary cleanliness. The system relaxed by the use of a hot bath becom

normally sensitive to a chill. A daily walk, briskly taken, does much t accustom the body to prompt reaction from cold. All weather can be faced, with suits ble preparation in the way of clothing Sitting in an over-heated room preludes cold almost as surely as taking a hot bath Sixty-eight degrees Fabrenheit is the higher perature for any but elderly people

and invalids. Children should have the face, neck, arms and chest smartly slapped with a towel wet in cold water, and then briskly rubbed with a tolerably coarse crash towel till the sur face is warm and rosy. With a daily repeti-tion of this they need have little fear of colds or the much-freaded croup. They can enjoy any amount of out-door play with safety if properly clothed.

When one is conscious of chilly sense tions, a drop or two of spirits of campho taken on a lump of sugar will som stimulate nature to the reaction, of which unaided she is not capable. This should ! repeated half-hourly four or five times.

Control of the Servants. [Philadelphia Call.]

where a housekeeper is employed, she, under authority. And only the one should give ls, or direct service. This secur uniformity. And the person thus exercising authority should not cultivate familiarity, such as will lead to contempt. Servants ap preciate far better those who recognize the ference of position than those who do not And familiarity always weakens authority except in the rare cases where a consciention sense of duty governs. But this does not call for a lofty, arrogant air, which conantly impresses those in service with a sens inferiority. An equable temper, just spirit, and proper dignity govern without difficulty and secure the best services from employes. Fussiness is no evidence of au

"Jennie June."

[Gath.] The burning of Democast's building re cently will suggest to ladies one little hall-room in it where "Jennie June" has per-formed ber marvelous amount of work for probably fifteen or twenty years. riginally a literary woman, she taught her elf that craft, to be useful to her family and bring up her children. A pleasant English girl in New York, she married a reporter on one of the daily papers. In those days sal-aries were low, and the wife conceived the dea that she could help her husband. After a time he became the managing man of one the dailies and she took her place as liter

ary editor of a fashion magazine and patern-house. By thrift and assiduous work she has acquired a home and property be sides, and in all her writing has probably nade no wound, while never being material purpose and theme is the backbone of every literary style; he who does not know anything of physical facts will find it

Their Home Motto.

[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.] "There is nothing like having a variety of rooms," said a clergyman recently, "for then all the tastes in the household can be gratified. I heard the other day of a newly married couple who mildly disagreed as to whether some religious mottoes should be nung on the walls of their only apartment They couldn't have each a room to adorn. you see, and so the question had to settle !. At length the husband consented have one Scriptural quotation displayed, and the delighted wife insisted that he should make the selection. He did so. It was this, and painted without such capitalization a to show that the 'me' and 'mine' were divinity instead of himself: "If you love me keep my commandments.

Ice Ornament

[Philadelphia Call.] Apropos of table decorations, there is nothing prettier or more easily obtained at this eason than ice ornaments. Among our caterers there are some professional ice architects who construct miniature palace pagodas of frozen water colored the beautiful tints and combined with the appiest effect. A superb palace of violet feature of a recent banquet. Of course these things have to be contrived by a pro fessional, but smaller ornaments, statuette and decorative designs, can be frozen simple molds by any amateur.

Washing Dishes

[The Housekeeper.] Dish washing is supposed to make the hands rough and red; but it will have a very opposite effect if the following directions are rved: Never put the hands in water hot enough to be uncomfortable; never scrape any dish with the finger nails, and wash your hands thoroughly every time with warm water and some mild soap, or Indian meal, which is better; wipe and rub in a drop of glycerine and a little camphor ice. Dry them carefully, but not by the fire, before going into the air, and your hands will be white and smooth. If they are not it will be owing to something beside washing dishes.

One Western Girl's Work.

[St. Paul Day.]
Miss R. S. Mills, editor of The Hawley (Dak.) Star, has resigned her position. Dur-ing the past six months she has furnished all the news that made The Star directly proved up on a pre-emption, planted five and the wonderful dark eyes which flashed agree of trees en a tree claim, built a saw-

mill, raised the largest turnip and the round est squash in Hyde county. She now proposes to rest awhile and reside on her ho When Miss Mills proves up on this she will have 480 acres of land and probably as many offers of marriage. Young won

go to Dakota

Science of the Kitche [Chicago Herald.] Let no man treat contemptuously the cience of the kitchen, for when he does he knows not what he is talking about. A good dinner is the last and crowni of civilized life, one of the largest factors in stant good effect, both moral and social ments of strife and discord, or may be made A nicely served repast can remove prejudic and abate pride.

Hemstitch Stationery.

[Chicago Journal.] A later novelty is the hemstitch stationer which is a perfect imitation of a handke chief in the last stage of laundrying, One side is smoothly ironed, while the other has the appearance of having just been raised from the ironing cloth. The ridge of stitch ing is shown round the edge to the depth of nearly two inches, and the envelopes are

[New York Tribune.] Drifting into a jewelry palace recently with holiday shoppers, I observed a ledy Drifting pricing a pair of blue garters with a gen fastening. They looked so pretty that when

High-Priced Garters.

modestly asked the price. It was only \$1,300 Marriage in Lithunia. It is the custom at marriages in Lithun the bride's mother to publicly box her ears. The object of this proceeding is that, should the daughter subsequently desire to get rid of her husband, she can plead that

he had passed on to anothe

was forced to marry him by viole Visiting Cards. Navar use a crest or coronet on a visiting card. It is the height of boorishness an vulgarity. The preference seems to be to give the prefix "Mr." on the card, which hould either be written or engraved-neve

printed. Safe from Pickpockets' Reach

[The Season.] In a new traveling corset is a long fla pocket arranged with two divisions inside one for gold and bank notes and the other for silver and small cash, fastened at the lowe edge on one side.

White orchids, mingled with maiden-hal ferns and myrtle, are used for welding ouquets, and are now considered more ele gant than roses, since Miss Astor

Commercial-Advertiser: The most busily mployed persons in this working world ours are those women who are at the head Acorn jewel stands of Bohemian glass are

novelties, with a squirrel coquettishly perched and deftly cracking nuts by way of Mahogany is coming more and more int

ise in the manufacture of furniture. Dr. Holland: The first requisite of a good talker is a genuine social sympathy.

Discovery of the Missing Link. Boston Courier. Professor, sarcastically, to inattentive pu pil—Mr. X., one question more: When was the so-called 'missing link' discovered! Studen, dreamily—Must have been when the father addressed his impertinent son as 'You monkey!' Professor, irritated at laughter in the class-In what epoch did thi lerful revelation bappen, sir! -I think at the time of the sauce age, sir The subject of the prehistoric man was dropped, and the student soon found himself

in the same situation. A Valuable Manuscript.

[Courier-Journal.] Mr. Minkewitch, of Russia, has an acrost poem on George Washington, for which he asks \$8,000. True Americans who want to buy a poem on the father of their country would do well to obtain Mr. Minkewitch's

IN THE TUNNEL.

[Cornhill Magazine.] Imbedded in a deep Italian valley lay the village of Santa Chiara. Mountains surrounded it on all sides except on the north where the valley narrowed into a gorge with

steep precipitous sides, forming a nature roadway out into the open country. In remote, far-away times a narrow roa ad been made over the mountains towar the south, and the more enterprising of the village drove their mules once or twice year over this pass-a day and a half jou ev-to the big town of Monte Caetano, all the fruits of their industry; but the journey took time and money, and both were too valuable to be spent on the road ver

But with the energy and enterprise of th nineteenth century came a change.

The inhabitants of Santa Chiara tartled one day by the arrival of engineer but they were destined to be yet more as tonished. In a few weeks the village was overrun with workmen, the valley reso with the blasting of rocks, and they under stood that a great tunnel was to be

through their mountain.

The work turned out less difficult that was at first anticipated. The tunnel had not far to go in unbroken solid mountain, but emerged occasionally into deep, narrow fissures, from thence making a fresh start nto the bowels of the earth. The work was finished at last, and an

gine decorated triumphantly with flags Monte Caetano, bearing upon it the en-gineers, foremen, and chief workmen, and one or two gentlemen whose united money and exertions had carried the great work through. They were received at the new station at Monte Caetano with enthusiasm, were presented with handsome testimonial and made to feel themselves real heroes an

ublic benefactors.

It was one hot, sunny Sunday evening in Santa Chiara, about a week after the open ing of the great tunnel. Vespers were over the bell had not yet rung for benediction, and all the inhabitants of the little village were strolling about the vineyards or sittin in the churchyard. The village consisted a piazza or square, round which stood the principal houses, and out of which a few irregularly built, straggling streets stretched up the sides of the hill. The church stood at he head of the piazza, in the midst of the churchyard. The low wall all round it was favorite seat of the villagers, where they lounged away many an idle hour. In the angle of the wall stood a large, shady, chestnut tree. Pippa Novatelli, the prettiest girl in the village, leaned against its trunk, with her little brown hands demurely clasped to-

"Aha! it is true that Pippa has beauty, said old Mariuccia to another old crone yet more wrinkled than herself. "Pippa may have beauty, but she is a little demon for all that! The holy saints

don't give everything to one person, and

they have taken too much pains in the mak-

ing of her face to have given themselves time to look after her heart! Look there! The little viper!" Pippa was looking her best, for her be-trothed Gianni (called the Bellino on account of his sky-blue eyes) was there, sitting on the wall, and it was so amusing to make him jealous, the foolish fellow. On the other side, sitting on the grass with his large dark eyes fixed on her, and an indescribable, dainty grace in the pose of his light active

figure, sat Tonino Zei, one of the subordin ates of the engineers, one of the flood of new

comers whom the great tunnel had brought

beyond the mountains to disturb the peace of Santa Chiara Tonino had not been long in the village Only three weeks ago he had come to replace a Piedmontese who had finished all the skilled work and had passed on to new labors elsewhere. Tonino was but a beginner as yet, but he was quite capable of carrying on his predecessor's work, and his superiors pronounced him a young fellow of

Tonino had lost his heart. From the ment that Pippa passed him, the day after his arrival, in her dark gown, with a scarlet handkerchief knotted round her curly black hair, with her brown skin and red lips,

him over her shoulder with a giance of mis-

But after a weary courtship of alternate hopes and despairs, waverings, coquetteries, and heartburnings, at last Pippa agreed to marry Gianna it Bellino, and be thought himself the happiest of men. He was a vet-turine on the great Corniche road, and he near Sestri. A house at the end of a long avenue of acacia trees, with a vineyard of its own, a loggia looking over the sea, and every comfort that the heart of a little mountain contading could desire. When Pippa should wife he meant to drive her there in state, in his big voiturier carriage, and establish her there, and as he drove his travelers backward and forward on the road, would look out as he passed to see her stand ing smiling at the door. The vision was only too sweet. The big carriage with the four horses—Biondo, Nero, Giallo, and the last

purchased Pippo-were all waiting at Monte Caetano for the happy day-and the coupe had been relined with a bright, shiny yellow chints, to be worthy of his Pippa.

Tonino arrived with the polish of city life in his manners, and the chic of a city tailor in the cut of his clothes, and he began to make love to Pippa as no one had ever made love to her before. He paid her honeyed compliments, he threw an air of tender, rapt admiration into the adoring gaze of dark eye, he offered her the co flower with an air of devotion which threw in the shade Gianni's far larger offering "It is too large," she cried pettishly, re-

jecting her betrothed's great posy of roses, and he had the mortification of seeing her fix Tonino's insignificant carnation in bodice instead. Gianni flung away his roses flercely, and

Pippa was so busy talking to Tonino that not till her foot trod on it did she perceive that he had done so. "Now that the tunnel is done and the way open, you will be leaving us," she said, softly, leaning agairst the obestnut tree and playing with the fad hg carnation.

Tonino answered with the soft, caressin

sound in his voice that expressed more de

votion than the words be uttered "And if I were to be called away, would there be one heart in Santa Chiara to mour me; one eye to shed tears over my de "Can you doubt?" said Pippa. "Friends

are not so easily forgotten."
"A fig for friendship!" cried Tonino with snap of his fingers so loud that all started. That is a strange sentiment, Signor Zeil said Gianni bitterly. Tonino only stared at him, then turning

oward Pippa he rose to his feet and ap proached her. "Ab, dear Pippa," he said, "will you keep the secret if I tell you some news that I re

ceived this morning?"

"Do not whisper," said Pippa uneasily.
"Gianni does not like it." "Ah, baht he does not care! Look at Pippa turned her head and looked. Sore mortified, and angry, Gianni was feigning an indifference be did not feel. He sat with

a stolid look on his broad, comely face, with the ears of the little dog which accompanied him in all his four "I see it is true that he does not care. said Pippa, trying to laugh.
"Then grant me that which I ask," said

Tonine coaxingly. "Walk with me up the mountain among the vineyards. You can not refuse one who may leave you so soon, and whose heart is bleeding at the very Pippa thought that Gianni should be more She stood upright and said lightly:

"Let us go to the vineyards. We have time for a short walk before ben Pipps spoke with her face toward Gianni she spoke to him, be leaped to his feet, and

the light sparked in his blue eyes, but the light faded away at the sound of her coquetish little laugh.
"No, no, Gianni! I would not disturb you the world. Sit still; go to sleep if you can:" and, passing her hand lightly through Tonino's arm, she walked away with him Gianni did not resume his seat, but stood

king after them. He saw Tonino bending his curly head with a look of devotio a dark scowl settled on his face. "Ab, ha! Giarni, my poor boy," croaking voice closs beside him. little traitress plays thee also false. They how it would be. Such are women.

are all bad, and the best of them are who wear the mask longest."
"Croaking as usual, Father Giacomo," said
Gianni, trying to laugh. "She has not
thrown me over. Our wedding day is fixed."
"But it has not dawned yet. Via!" cried the old man, throwing out both his hands. "Why don't you follow them?" he cried impatiently. "Ah, ha! Gianni, though women are false, men are fools. You should hold them tight, beat them, keep them under. Break their spirits or they will break your heart. Go after them I tell you, go after them! Bah! why should I incommode my elf thus? Women will always be false, and

men will always be fools!" and old Giacom ook a prodigious pinch of snuff.

Gianni walked off unwillingly enough. He was a proud man, and Pippa's was hurting him bitterly. He did not wish to lose his dignity and sacrifice his selfesteem by becoming jealous; it degraded him in his own eyes. But love was stronger than will, and he uttered a short, bitter exclamation of almost savage disgust with himself because he could not resist the mptation to follow Pippa and his rival.

The sun was beginning to go down; it was ery hot. Tonino and Pippa found the shade of the long rows of vines very grateful. The leaves were luxuriant and th air was filled with their warm sweet smell. Tonino bent lower over Pippa and said oftly: "The news I have to tell you, my Pippa, is that, after all, perhaps I ing away from Santa Chiara.

Pippa was rather taken aback. She would ot have let Tonino go so far if she had not thought that he was going away, now at once, through the big tunnel that he had helped to make, and never coming back ngain. It was quite another thing that he was always to be there. "Not going away!" she said with a little

quiver in her voice. Tonino thought the "Dearest," he said, "it is true. Some one required to be always on the spot. Every night I must go through the tunnel to see that all is well. This will be necessary for long months, till we see that the work is perfect in every part, that no unexpected dangers may arise. And it is I that have received the appointment."

Tonino hit his breast with a sound of

triumph, then suddenly he threw his arm round Pippa's waist. "Say, beautiful Pippa! dearest of my heart," he cried. "Say that you rejoice as I do. We shall not be separated." Pippa was too much astonished to resist.

Tonino had his arm round her, and now he bent forward and kissed her once, twice, before she could speak, when there came a sud

den shout that sounded more like the roar of a wild beast than a human voice, and Gianni threw himself between them, his eyes flashing, his face convulsed with rage. Pippa was terrified, and in her terror she could think of nothing save that one of two would be killed. She threw herself upon Gianni, clinging round his arms with all her weight, while she cried with a hoarse voice that did not sound like her own: "Fly, Tonino, fly! He will kill you. We shall all be lost. Fly! fly!

went, gliding away among the vines with his head turned back over his shoulder, and his eyes glaring at Gianni with a look of in "He has gone," cried Pippa, sinking on her knees, but still clinging to her betrothed. "Thank heaven, he is gone!" "You have saved your lover this once,"

unities do not lack." "You would kill him!" cried Pippa. "Hai he a hundred lives I would tak them all!" and Gianni ground his teeth with the ferocity of a jealous Italian. "But why should you kill him?" cried Pippa, bursting into tears. "He is nothing

"Tell that to whoever is fool enough to be

aid Gianni between his touth. "But oppor

ieve you," said Gianni scornfully. i, Gianni, are we not betrothed?" "That also is a thing of the past. Giacome is right—all women are false!" Gianni strode away and left her. Giacomi is right—all wor Pippa stood looking after him. "Giacomo is right in everything," she said to herself through her tears. "And all men are feels.

Oh Gianni! Gianni! But whether he heard her piteous little cry or not he did not turn, and Pippa sat down

under the vine leaves and sobbed as if heart would break. The sun went down, the church bell rang, the people poured into the last service and still Pippa sat sobbing. Then she heard the voices of the congregation as they once more

came out of church. "Gianni is a good man," she said to ber self. "He never missus benediction. The holy service will have softened his heart; he will forgive me. Though Tonino is going to stay here, it will not matter, for I shall be the one to go. Gianni and I will be married at once, and we will go away in his big carriage to Sestri. After all, may be very happy yet. I won't put off the wedding any more, it shall be at once. I am sure that Gianni will see when he looks at me that I mean to be good now!

Pippa had no tears left to shed; she dried her eves and pushed back her curly hair. and walked down to the village. Old Giacomo came hobbling up to ber "Do you want to know where your tw

lovers are, my beauty?" he said. "Well, well, you shall not be left in ignorance. Tonino, when he came out of church, took his bag of tools (you know them?) over his shoulder, lighted his lantern, and went off brough the tunnel on his usual inspection. He must have got some way by this time."
"And my Gianni!" eried Pippa, trem-

"Gianni had an odd look on his face. The evil eye has crossed him perhaps.

"But where is hef" she faltered. "It is very strange," said Giacomo, "but e also took the way of the tunnel. He

also must be some way in by this time, But Pippa waited to hear no more. rible dread had seized upon her; a terror cold as a hand of ice laid upon her heart. She uttered a shrill little cry and sped away toward the mountain as fast as her feet ould carry be

"Per Bacco! there will be mischief," said e man to another. "Would it not be best to go after them?" shall tell the priore," said Mariuccia,

wagging her old head as she went off in search of the priest. In a few minutes quite a crowd had gathred round the mouth of the tunnel. Meanwhile Pippa ran on and reached her destination. The opening looked fearfully dark and gloomy in the fading light, and had no lantern with her; but terror lent her courage; she never hesitated, but quickly rossing berself she darted in.

It was quite dark now. Pippa guided rself along the walk; she was obliged to go more slowly. Oh, how pitch dark it was, and how cold! She gasped for breath. Now her bands rapidly passing along the wall encountered something cold and slimy, and she tried to fling it off, but it clung.

"A slug," she thought with a shudder, as she got rid of it at last, never slackening her steps. All was deadly still—she could hear her own panting breath. Now a sort of pale color began through the blockness, and a warmer breath of air: she could see again. The big tunnel opened into a little gorge not ten feet wide. She looked up through the rocks almost like one from the bottom of a well, and saw the friendly blue sky; then taking courage, plunged on again into deeper

night than before Pippa could feel the darkness, the cold. breathless atmosphere; she was getting into the longest, most unbroken part of the tun-

She gasped for breath, her brain began to reel, her eyes throbted and ached with the strain to see where nothing was visible. Then suddenly, quite suddenly it seemed to her, in the far distance she perceived a little moving spark; a light could be nothing but Tonino's lantern. Her heart beat almost to suffocation, she paused for one instant t gain breath, then bounded on, for it seemed to her intensely strained sense of that there was some one else ahead of her some footsteps swiftly following the lantern,

pursuit of it. Pippa pressed on faster and faster, and the distance between them seemed to be dimin-ishing. Would she arrive in time? She had grown accustomed to the sleepers now and knew mechanically when to expect

them as she ran. She was getting nearer and nearer. was a sound that made Pippa pause to listen ith the terror of a hunted animal. A rush of footsteps, a kind of shout, a sound of a death-gruggle. Pipps bounded forward with a cry, the guiding light disappeared, all was total darkness.

Suddenly rang out a sound which filled the whole tunnel—a wild, unearthly whistle, a distant roar approaching nearer and nearer. Pippa shrank back, crouched, pressed against he wall. The train was coming. She heard a shout from the fighters

Back, back! let go! the train comes! Maria "Never, never! Go then to thy doom!" The roar increased louder and louder; with a terrific noise the train rushed past; a cold air filled the place, a sudden dense sen con air mise the place, a state decise set-sation of suffocation. What sound was that! A kind of sickening crash, as if something had been crushed out of all human recogni-tion under those awful wheels.

Then came a dead, awful silence. No one poke, no one seemed to breathe. Then ippa turned, and crept back the way she ad come, conscious of nothing but a frantic esire to get back to the air, to God's light gain.

Round the mouth of the tunnel the crowd

of villagers had assembled, but no one went in. They stood waiting uneasily, wondering what was happening. They had seen the train go by, and kept on saying to each other hat it must be all right. Presently out of the darkness crept forth figure they hardly recognized as the beautiful Pippa. Her hands stretched out

blindly before her, her eyes wide open and meeting, her lips livid. "But what is it, Pippa! Santi Apostoli! what has happened?"
But she answered nothing; only pointed to the tunnel with ghastly looks. Another! The crowd separated in a kind of terror, for out of the darkness staggered

orth another panic-stricken human creature -Gianni, who with trembling hands was struggling at his shirt collar trying to tear it open, to breathe, to get air.
"Heaven help us! but what has happened?" cried the people. Then they made way for who was hastening forward, folthe priore, who was hastening forward, fol-lowed by old Mariuccia. Gianni reeled for ward as if he were drunken. "An accordent, father," he gasped—"a horrible accident, the

"Give him water," said the priest quickly, "and fetch lanterns. Quick, quick, lose no time, the unhappy man may yet be living. But all was not ever yet. Once more of the mouth of the tunnel appeared another. "Haste! haste!" he shouted. Come at once! Gianni had been run over by

the train! Haste!" But Pippa caught sight of him, and ut-tered a cry which rang through the air: "Tonino! it is thou! Gianna! Gianni!" Then she burst into laughter so wild and un natural that the women all rushed round her. She could not cease—peal after peal shock her from head to foot. They had to throw water over her several times, and for

a long time in vain.

The villagers gathered round the two men "I thought I had killed thee," faltered "I also thought thou wast dead," said Tonino, shuddering violently. "Oh! it was horrible, borrible!"

"God has been very merciful to you both," said the priore gravely.

The two men took off their hats and mut tered an amen. They could neither of them cease shudder-

"But what was that horrible noise, something crushed?" asked Gianna at last, every trace of color again leaving his cheek-"It was my bag of tools," said Tonino, with a pale smile. "Truly, friend, thou owest me a new set." A fortnight later the whole village went

by train through the big tunnel to Monte Caetano to see the departure of Gianni and his bride. They sat in the coupe of the big carriage, and Pippa's dark curly hair and bright eyes looked brilliant on the background of golden yellow calico. The four horses were decorated with ribbons of every color, and the bride wore a beautiful vezzo of pearls which had come down to her through many

generations. "Buon viaggia! buon viaggio!" shouted the crowd, and they drove away along the road through merry dancing clouds of dust,

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A STORY OF REAL LOVE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S COURT-SHIP OF SOPHIA PEABODY.

A Fatal Attack of Love at First Sight-They Grew Tired of Waiting for Fortune-Faithful to the End.

From Hawthorne's Biography.1 One evening Nathaniel and his sister Elizabeth called on the Peabodys. Sophia Peabody was ill, and Elizabeth went up to her room and begged her to come down to see the callers. "You never saw anything so splendid as he is—he is handsomer than Lord Byron." The sick girl was not to so easily won. She declined to make the effort to see the rising novelist. Miss Peabody refeatures, the pure complexion, the wonderful eyes, like mountain lakes reflecting the

Of course he called again and then Sophis saw him. It was a fatal attack at once on both sides. "As we went on talking she would frequently interpose a remark in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so he would look at her again with the same pierceing, indrawing gaze. I was struck ith it and thought what if he should fall in love with her, and the thought troubled me, for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid." Years afterward Mrs. Hawthorne used to tell her children how the presence of the young writer exercised upon her from the beginning so strong a magnetic attraction that in-stinctively and in self-defense she drewbac' and repelled him. Both found the courage to confess that they had been in love from

their first meeting.

Nathaniel confided to nobody that he had asked Sophia Peabody to be his wife as soon as he was able to provide for her, and the secret of their engagement was kept for three years. He had a petty position in the Boston custom house—that of weigher—but he could not marry on it, and when he was dismissed from it by the change of adminis tration in 1841 he entered upon the Brook farm experiment to see what promise it en-folded for him and his promised wife. He made no money, but the lovers grew tired waiting for fortune. "Rents were low in New England then," and they married. His mother's attitude toward his wife proved an agreeable surprise. She told him that she had known of his entanglement almost as long as he had known it himself, and that Sophia Peabody was just the wife she would

have chosen for him.

And how did he make love for himself, this teller of the love making of imaginary men and maids? He rejoices because a pastish cousin has an angry political dispets with him which will separate them for a time and leave Nathaniel more hours to think of her. For "peace overflows from your heart to mine." He cautions her against walking with his robust sister Elizabeth, be-"she is indefatigable and wants to walk half round the world when once out doors." He assures her that although he loves her deeply he is in awe of her. loves her deeply he is in awe of her. "I sup-pose I should have pretty much she same feeling if an angel were to come from heaven and be my dearest friend—only the angel could not have the tenderest of human natures, too, the sense of which is mingled with this sentiment." He cannot understand the mystery of his awe and love; "methinks it converts my love into religion." And he ever read a letter from her without first

washing his hands. After this frenzy of the gods had existed between them for a year, she defined beauty with all the gravity of Burke: "My definition of beauty is that it is love, and, therefore, includes both truth and good." Suspic-ious of the logic of her philosophy she adds, "But those only who love as we do can fee the significance and force of this" The last of the year she sends him a deliciou message: "God bless you this night of the old year. It has proved the year of our nativity. Has not the old earth passed away from us! Are not all things new!

She has hurt a finger; he warns her that if surgeon in Boston. She paints: the picture will be more precious to him "than all the productions of all the painters since Apelles!" She painted him and her in a little landsca e. and she goes into raptures over tiny figures doubtless looking as much like Scancho Panza and Guinevere as like that of Nathaniel and "his own Sophie." He would not mang the precious things on the wall for fear of dust and the fingers of the chambermaid. Indeed, he was the maddest of lovers, if ever one were madder than another. He closed one letter with "Belovedest, I love thee very especially much to-day. But now it is breakfast time, and —alas! even love must eat—and I have an appetita. That makes her breakfast of the tenlerest importance. "What did you eat for breakfast! But I know very well that you never eat anything but bread and milk an! chickens." A good enough diet for love. Still he would know something more: "Do you love pigeons in a pie." From Brook farm Hawthorne wrote his

"dearest unutterably" very plain matters— about plowing and planting and manuring and milking; while the "thin frock you made for me" is considered "a most splendid arti-cle. It might even attain the dignity of be coming the summer uniform of the com-munity. He assured her that he had also a warm frock, though rather deficient in grace, and that he wore a tremendous pair of cow-hide boots with soles two inches thick. These realities are charmingly sprinkled with the daintiest and sweetest of tid-bits of devotion, all spooned out as it were with the grace of a cavalier and the softness of a urse coaxing a frail child to try to eat and be good and get well, for Sophia Peabody

vas an invalid all this time. The sad sarcasm we have had of late on such love-the Bulwer Lytton letters, of similar intensity and surpassing ardor, but lacking the dignity and nobleness of these-happily finds no corresponding sequel in the wedded life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody. There was no disenchant-ment. Faithful and fond to the end, they made life blissful for each other, and the perfume of the roses of their courtship was

cattered over their graves. City Neighbors.

Alexander Mason, a well-known man about town, a particularly frequent lounger about the Morton house, was coming out of his resilence a few evenings ago when he met half a dozen friends who were about to enter in a body. They started back on seeing him. He asked for an explanation, and they read at a house just two doors away. And it was not a fictitious notice either. But the strange part of it was that the dead man of he same name was utterly unknown to Mr. Mason. He had been his neighbor for years, yet he had never seen or heard of him. This shows how true it is that in large cities like New York one-half the inhatitants do not know how the other half live, or even where.

Life: "None but the brave deserve the fare," remarked the conductor, poor sting the unregistered nickels.

[San Francisco Argonaut.] Although it has frequently been asserted

that Edwin Booth the elder was of Jewish extraction, it has always been a matter of newspaper surmise rather than a definite fact. An old friend of the elder Booth relates, however, that one night in the early days of California the great erratic actor, in a friendly chat, gave him a glimpse of his family tree. The Booths were originally Spanish Jews, who settled early in the century in Amsterdam, where they were probably diamond dealers. The family name was than Cabana: but that name being found in tractable for use in England, whither some of the family drifted, it became expedient to

change it. The Spanish name Cabana being also a Hebrew word, they resolved upon translat ing it from Hebrew, instead of Spanish to English. Any one who wishes to consult the Hebraic Bible will find it in the line, "The Israelites slept in booths," and will discover how the great tragedian came by the name has made famous. The family Anglicized the name, but they have never eradicated the race marks from their handsome faces. It disappeared to some extent in Junius Booth, only to be all the more manifest in J. Wilkes and Edwin. The latter, especially, might still be Cabana